

IN MEMORIAM

OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

RICHARD SALTER STORRS

Williams, Job

WASHINGTON  
1885

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## RICHARD SALTER STORRS.

WHEN an experienced and successful teacher falls from the ranks of his professional brethren, and especially when such an one was in the prime of manhood, the loss to the rising generation is great, and doubly great when that teacher had stood for years in the very front rank in a special and peculiar kind of instruction. Such a loss the profession of deaf-mute teaching has sustained in the death of Mr. R. S. Storrs—one of its most shining lights—who died at Longmeadow, Mass., Aug. 31st, 1884.

Richard Salter Storrs was born at Amherst, Mass., Sept. 29th, 1830. When he was four years old, his parents moved to Longmeadow, which was thenceforth the family home.

Of Mr. Storrs as a boy his sister writes: "He was very sensitive and pure-minded, seldom caring to share in the rough sports of those of his own age. A book was his meat and his drink, and I had literally to urge him to out-of-door life. \* \* \*

"The larger part of his boyhood was passed at Braintree, [in the family of his uncle, Dr. Richard S. Storrs,] where he was most lovingly cared for, so that he always cherished our uncle and aunt as his second parents."

A schoolmate of his boyhood informs the writer that Salter Storrs, as he was called, was then, as ever after, painstaking, thorough, faithful, and conscientious in everything which he undertook, and, intellectually, stood head and shoulders above those of his own age. A keen observer, of quick sympathies, abounding in wit and humor, and greatly relishing a kindly joke, even when it bore most heavily upon himself, he was a

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general favorite among his school-fellows. They had great respect for his ability, and looked to him as a champion of their boyish rights. Not a few times, when an irritated teacher had laid some restriction upon their liberty, which they considered unjust, did they secure him as an advocate of their cause, and seldom did his arguments fail to gain their case and secure the removal of the restriction.

He was born a logician, and he delighted in a battle of words in a righteous cause. In after years it was an amusement, in which he often indulged among his friends, to assume some false premise and argue from that standpoint, merely to test the quality of his adversary's steel,—and one must hold a sharp weapon and handle it with rare skill to hold his ground against him.

From Braintree Salter Storrs passed to Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, where he was fitted for Amherst College, from which he was graduated in 1852, with the highest honors of his class. Of his course as a student his college classmate and life-long friend, his Jonathan, the Rev. John M. Greene, D. D., of Lowell, Mass., thus writes:

"It was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of Richard Salter Storrs, of Longmeadow, in the autumn of 1848. At that time I entered the senior class in Williston Seminary under the instruction of Luther Wright, A. M., the principal of the school. Mr. Storrs was a relative of Mr. Wright and boarded in his family. Well do I remember how that youthful, lad-like young man impressed me. His eye was sharp and keen as a diamond. His head was plump and round, every good phrenological bump being at a high mark. And I recall distinctly the impression which he made on me at his first recitations in the class.

"When Mr. Storrs rose to recite Virgil or Cicero or Xenophon, in that class of thirty-two young men there was not a listless student on the seats. There was something about his manner of reciting which roused the dullest scholar present into attention. It was not nervousness. It was not any strangeness of tone or manner. It was not any swell or bombast such as I remember one or two of the class had. For Mr. Storrs was small in bodily stature, unobtrusive in manner, gentle as a zephyr in his deportment. The something about him which drew and enchained the attention of the whole class was the evident presence and working of an uncommon mind, combined



with the self-conscious assurance that he had something to say and he knew how to say it. The moment he began to scan a passage in Virgil we felt from the precision and exactness of the utterances that a master was at work. When he translated the passage he had always a clear and definite idea, which he expressed in the simplest words and the most intelligible sentences. Every one in the class desired to hear what he had to say. This kind of charm lasted the whole year. He stood out above us all as our leader. No one disputed the fact that he was our brightest mind and most promising fellow-student. It is not strange that the valedictory addresses were assigned to him on the day of our graduation. No one of us thought of any one else for this place of honor.

"When we entered Amherst College, the next autumn, it was my privilege to be brought into a closer relation to Mr. Storrs. By one of those special and sad providences which sometimes occur both of us were deprived of our room-mates. Thus we came together in a very unexpected way, and began an acquaintance and intimacy which not only lasted through college life, but to the day of his death, growing stronger all the time. I never saw him in any place where he did not acquit himself as a true, noble, Christian man.

"One noticeable trait in the character and life of Mr. Storrs was his conscientiousness. He studied God's word, and brought all his convictions into harmony with the teachings of those blessed oracles. There was no moral philosophy for him except that of the Gospel of Christ. He saw into the inner meaning of the words of the Great Master, and drew from them strength and life.

"His conscientiousness showed itself not only in Sunday duties, but in week-day duties as well. There was not a lesson assigned to the class which he did not faithfully and honestly prepare to the best of his ability. He put his whole soul into a grammar lesson as truly as he did into the most beautiful passage of Homer. It was sometimes almost laughable to me to see how he would discover a philosophy in the rules of prosody; but doubtless he did discover much more there than I did. It all arose from the fact that his whole soul was in whatever he studied; he made it a matter of conscience to strike to the bottom of every subject with which he grappled, and to do his best in the work of every day.

"He was very methodical in his use of time. That was one

great element in his success as a student. He had no wasted moments. Perhaps he did not cultivate the habit of play enough; he pursued his vocation too closely and neglected too much his avocation. But he had conscience about it. Time was a precious treasure to him, and he could not waste it. Every appointed hour for study had its work, into which he put his best strength.

"Mr. Storrs had the joy of a good conscience. His very countenance showed it. There was nothing evil in his eye, nothing sinister in the expression of his face. If he had said or done anything wrong or unbecoming, he had no rest till satisfaction was made and peace was restored to his conscience.

"Another noticeable trait was his intellectual breadth and acumen. There was not another man in the class who so quickly and completely grasped a subject given us for study as he did. His mind worked with great rapidity, and it struck down to the lower strata of thought. It was interesting sometimes to see him in the recitation-room when he evidently saw further into the subject than the teacher did. Also his power to group things and show their differences and mutual relations was quite unusual. His brain was large and of the best quality, and it was thoroughly under his control, so that no ordinary mind could cope with him. His gift of language was extraordinary. His translations in the class-room were often of such high order that they would have been elegant English if they had been written as they fell from his lips. I do not know that he ever wrote a line of poetry, but he was full of the poetic sense. The nice harmonies of words he felt in every part of his nature, and he could bring out the hidden powers of their meaning, and marshal them forth into sentences as few mortals can. He excelled as a student in all the great branches of study. If you were in the mathematics with him, you would think that he was well at home there. If you studied the ancient classics with him, you would say that he was certainly now where he was doing his best. If the subject of study were mental and moral philosophy, you would say those branches were his specialties. I knew him long and intimately, and can hardly tell what his special gift was. He seemed to have all gifts. I think, however, the department of language was more to his taste than any other; but he would have been a rare scholar in anything, had his physical constitution enabled him to work his brain to the maximum of its capacity.

“He made the curriculum studies his first duty in college, as every wise student will; but he found time for not a little general reading besides. He knew how to get the best books on the best subjects, and he understood, what is a rarer gift, how to read a book to the best advantage. Macaulay's ‘Essays’ was a favorite book of his in college. The flowing style of Macaulay, as well as many of the subjects treated, was congenial to him.

“I would also say a word about Mr. Storrs as a *friend*. Thirty-six years was I intimate with him, and I never knew him false to a trust, never discovered that he failed to do what could reasonably be expected of him in any situation, never heard him utter an unkind or uncharitable word about his friends, nor ever saw him when he would not sacrifice self for the good of others.

“The Latins called a friend an *alter ipse*. Such Mr. Storrs regarded his friends. We felt sure that we could trust him, for our interests were made his own. His imprudences would not harm us, for he was not imprudent. His heart would not grow cold and forget us, for his affections were warm, strong, and deep. He would not leave us, choosing others in our stead, for fickleness was no part of his nature. Prosperity did not warm the ardor of his devotion; adversity did not cool it. I do not think he had many *dear* friends. He was friendly to all, but to a few he was everything which the precious word *friend* can mean. The very depth and intensity of his affection would limit it. When with those whom he trusted he threw off reserve and opened his heart and mind most freely, you could see all he was in spirit and temper, as well as in habit and life. But the more deeply and truly we knew him the greater was our respect and love for him. Having been with him in all the experiences of nearly two score years I cannot recall an instance when he was lacking in sympathy, in help, in encouragement, in sincere congratulation, as became a high-minded, unselfish, genuine friend.

“Another trait, and one which I would particularly emphasize, was his religious character. This was the crown of all with him. Not religiousness, but religion, pure and undefiled, characterized him. Not a word of cant fell from his lips in conversation or in prayer. Morning and evening in our student-room have I knelt with him and heard him pour out his heart in supplication, and I have heard him speak in the class prayer-meeting and in the larger assemblies of the students engaged

in religious services, but I never heard an insincere or perfunctory word fall from his lips. His heart was always in what his mouth uttered. He was 'an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.'

"His love for the sacred Scriptures was noticeable even in college. He had been trained up in the oracles of God, and he made the truths in them the stimulus and solace of his soul as well as the guide of all his life. He would often by a single remark irradiate a passage of Scripture and help one into a deeper and truer meaning of it than he had had before. He possessed what Wordsworth calls 'that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.' He saw deeper into truth and higher than ordinary mortals do.

"In later years Mr. Storrs knew, for a time at least, what it was to wrestle with doubts. His mind was troubled somewhat with speculations, and he felt like changing in some degree the fundamentals of Christian doctrine, as he had held them. But in his college days the spectre of doubt did not haunt him. His life was one of a sweet glad faith in the Son of God; he accepted the sacred Scriptures as the inspired word of God, and able to make us wise unto salvation, and the whole system of evangelical truth was the delight and joy of his soul. He enjoyed sermons which were plain, practical, spiritual, pungent. He liked conversation which helped him to walk more closely with God, and to enter more deeply into the spirit and life of Jesus. His religion was not a speculation, a matter of the head, but it took root deep and strong in the heart, controlled the will, guided the conscience, and regulated the life. I do not mean to hint that there was ever a time in his life when all this was not true. What I would convey is that during his college life, the period of which I am particularly speaking, these things were true in a marked degree. The period of doubt comes to every active mind some time. It came to him later than it often comes, and he passed through it triumphantly, coming out of it rooted and grounded more firmly than ever in the faith of eternal life through the crucified One.

"Much more could I say of one so dear to me, and who shone out in our college days as an intellectual star of great magnitude. He was a favorite of all his classmates. He led us in scholarship, and no one disputed the position which he held when the highest honors at our graduation were given to him. He was every inch a man, and we all knew it. Had his



physical endowments equalled his mental, or had the college enjoyed then what it has so liberally provided now, a good gymnasium, so that muscle and nerve adequate to so strong and active a mind could have been developed, Richard Salter Storrs, of Longmeadow, would have become a scholar and a man of great renown in our land. As it was, the brain was too large for the body, and all his life he worked at a fearful disadvantage.

"But the battle is ended; the crown is won. What trials he had to contend with in bodily weakness few of us will ever know; but the day will reveal it, and we shall all say that he was a hero in suffering and a victor in life's conflict."

Descended from a long line of ministers, heir to a rich inheritance of mental and moral qualities, the one ambition of Mr. Storrs up to the time of his graduation "had been to pursue the family calling of preaching. His failure to do this from ill health was the great disappointment of life with him, and this is the key that unlocks much of his after character, though from his sister's misfortune he became deeply interested in deaf-mute instruction."

Upon that work he entered in September, 1853, and from that time until 1884, with the exception of two years (1864-1866) during which he held a professorship in the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, D. C., he was a teacher in the American Asylum, at Hartford, Conn., where he impressed himself upon the school, and upon the whole profession, and did much by his example and by his written and spoken words to advance the cause of deaf-mute education. For the excellence of its present methods of instruction the American Asylum owes more, directly and indirectly, to Richard S. Storrs than to any other one man.

For the following facts regarding the connection of Professor Storrs with the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, I am indebted to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, its President:

"Professor Storrs began his duties in the College at Washington in September, 1864. He was the first instructor in the College. His professorship was at first that of Linguistics, but in 1865 he assumed the chair of Mental Science and English Philology.

"During the closing months of 1865 Professor Storrs suffered much from insomnia, and his health was impaired to such a degree as to lead him to propose to sever his connection with

the College. His services, however, were so highly valued that he was urged to devote himself for a time to the solicitation of funds for the endowment of scholarships in the College, in the hope that a relief from the confining work of the class room might lead to the re-establishment of his health.

"His efforts to collect funds for the College were crowned with very considerable success, and his health was much improved. The pressure of considerations of a family nature, however, to urge his return to New England was so strong as to induce him to resign his position in the summer of 1866, that he might resume his connection with the American Asylum at Hartford.

"Professor Storrs, though identified with the work of the College for a short period only, rendered very important service, especially in the assistance he gave in arranging its course of study. His counsel was uniformly and strongly that the organization of the College should be assimilated as closely as possible to that of American colleges in general. In this he upheld my own views against quite serious but unsuccessful efforts in the Board of Directors to establish a low standard for graduation from the College."

The impression which Mr. Storrs left upon the minds of those who came under his instruction will be seen from the following words from the pen of Professor J. B. Hotchkiss, formerly a College student under Mr. Storrs, but now a member of the College faculty:

"The impression produced by Mr. Storrs in the College classroom was that of an earnest and sympathetic teacher. To the young men of his classes he was a fellow-seeker after knowledge, and the most devoted among them was not as enthusiastic as he in the investigation of the matter in hand. Quick to perceive the difficulties of those he was leading, he was painstaking and patient in his efforts to show the right way to overcome them; yet, while none could be more gentle and helpful than he with the slowness arising from natural disadvantages, the one requisite he exacted from all was that they should be as eager to receive instruction as he was to impart it. Dullness he could readily forgive; listlessness was the one unpardonable sin. A yawn during a recitation was an impossible performance for him, and a sleepless night was scarcely a sufficient excuse for this breach of class-room decorum on the part of a student. He could easily overlook blunders arising from excess

of zeal or a misapplication of vigorous thought, or perhaps see something to praise in them; but blunders from carelessness or inattention aroused a serious remonstrance—a remonstrance which he was careful to address to the offender's sense of reason and justice, and which, for greater effectiveness, he usually delivered in private. With these qualities he easily awakened a responsive earnestness and enthusiasm in the young men under him, and so made his instruction of the highest benefit."

It was my privilege to enjoy the intimate friendship of Mr. Storrs, and to be closely associated with him in professional work for eighteen years, and it is with pleasure that I can bear testimony to his rare success in his chosen field of labor.

As a teacher of deaf-mutes he had no superior and few, if any, equals. He loved the work, and was an enthusiast in his profession. His rare natural endowments and rich mental acquirements were made to do full service in behalf of his pupils. Freely had he received; freely did he give.

Ready in the invention of devices and fertile in expedients to aid the understanding of his pupils, he brought ideas to their minds with great rapidity, clearness, and force. Systematic in everything, he always knew just what he had taught and how he had taught it. Every new principle naturally followed what had gone before and paved the way for that which was to follow. So he knew for what errors his pupils were to be held sharply to account, and what, as errors of ignorance, were to be overlooked and ignored, until the principles involved in the mistakes were reached in natural sequence.

By this course the pupil at once saw the reason for such correction and his own culpability for his error. His attention was not distracted by that which was beyond his comprehension, but was concentrated upon that which he easily understood. He saw that no unreasonable thing was required of him; that it was possible for him, by exercising his judgment and his reason, to avoid certain classes of errors and to enlarge constantly the firm ground on which he stood. His courage was kept up, and success inspired his enthusiasm.

Mr. Storrs had the happy faculty of turning mistakes, even, to good account, when they were thoughtful ones rather than those of carelessness, the odium of the errors being thrown upon the irregularities and incongruities of the English language rather than upon the pupil, who learned what his mistakes were and the correction for them without being disheart-

ened by them. It sometimes seemed as if this rare teacher drew more courage for himself and more hope for his pupils from those mistakes (perhaps we might better say failures to conform to the English idiom) which showed an active and thoughtful mind than from the correct sentences which might be mere products of the memory, while the mind was almost inactive or ran in a rut.

Mr. Storrs was a thorough believer in the effectiveness of visual aids in the instruction of all pupils, and of their pre-eminent value in the teaching of deaf-mutes. Many such helps, and covering every branch of study which he taught, were devised by him. With an entire absence of that spirit of selfishness which sometimes has led teachers to keep to themselves expedients and devices of their own invention, he generously gave the benefit of all such aids to any who could use them for the good of deaf-mutes.

Very early in his course as an instructor Mr. Storrs worked out a system of diagrams for grammatical analysis, which have proved to be an invaluable aid, when judiciously used, in the acquisition of a clear understanding of the grammatical construction of the English language.

Gifted to a rare degree with the language faculty, master of a rich diction, Mr. Storrs had a fluency in the use of language, which enabled him constantly to give his pupils a great variety of illustration in written language, which gave them practice like in kind to that of their more favored hearing friends, though inevitably far separated from it in degree.

Then, too, he made language a living thing to his pupils by seizing upon the every-day occurrences of life and presenting them in written language.

In all his teaching Mr. Storrs came down to the plane occupied by his pupils, and took them by the hand to lead them to that which was higher. So he inspired them with hope, courage, strength. He worked out a course of systematic instruction in language specially adapted to the use of deaf-mutes—a course of careful sentence building, which has been used in the younger classes of the American Asylum for several years with very satisfactory results, securing to a marked degree immunity from what are commonly known as “deaf-mutisms.” It also secures a comparatively even development of a class, a most important point to be gained.

While Mr. Storrs was remarkably thorough and methodical



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*Your sincere friend,  
Richard F. Storrs.*

in his school work, as in everything else which he undertook, yet he was removed as far as possible from everything that savored of machine-like methods of teaching. His versatility and fertility enabled him to make even the old ever fresh and new, and so he could work over the same ground again and again, until the dullest had mastered it, without ever wearying the brightest.

The chief aim of Mr. Storrs, as a teacher, was to train his pupils to independent thought. He was a keen student of the human mind, and if he saw vigorous mental action and right processes of reasoning he sometimes carried his admiration of success in that line so far as to make too little account of accuracy in results, provided the method of reaching them was right, particularly in arithmetical work. This was all the more remarkable, since he was so particular and so exacting of accuracy from himself in every minute detail.

As a disciplinarian Mr. Storrs was eminently successful. He demanded from every pupil in his class diligence, faithfulness, and cheerful submission to authority. Quick to read the feelings of his pupils, he possessed an iron will, which was satisfied with nothing short of entire and unconditional surrender to itself. Insubordination of spirit, even where there was outward obedience, he could not endure. It troubled him in school and out of it. It disturbed him by day and robbed him of his sleep at night. There was no peace for him but through complete victory. This result he strove earnestly to reach by moral means. The manliness, the reason, and the moral perception of his pupils were all called to his aid, and all must fail before sterner means would be brought into requisition. Love, not fear, was the means chiefly relied upon for influence over his pupils, though he could use severity as a last resort.

The relation of Mr. Storrs to his pupils was that of intimate friendship. He inspired in them both love and admiration for himself. He entered into their feelings and saw things from their standpoint. The hard, dry drill of class work was constantly relieved by a play of wit and humor, which, while never allowed to lead the class into serious disorder, yet kept them wide awake and in the best of spirits, sharpening their wits and quickening their perceptions. Listlessness and inattention were almost unknown there.

Mr. Storrs was warmly interested in the spiritual welfare of his pupils, and earnestly endeavored to cultivate in them sensi-

tiveness of conscience and religious principle. The earnestness of his prayers for them, at the teachers' weekly meetings, his colleagues will not soon forget. His chapel exercises, both on the Sabbath and at the opening of the school on week days, were always broad, clear, forcible, and earnest, and were interesting and instructive to the older portions of the school, but were apt to shoot over the heads of the younger pupils. This was done designedly with the idea that the older pupils should be given the best which they were capable of receiving, and that the younger ones would grow to an appreciation of better things and take their turn later in their school course.

As a sign-maker Mr. Storrs, though lacking in ease and grace, was always precise, clear, fluent, and forcible. But signs used either by himself or by others came in the course of years to have a strange effect upon his fine nervous organization. At times they were very repugnant, almost loathsome to him. He could scarcely endure the sight of them. There were times when it was a burden to talk even with his beloved sister, whose society was usually such a delight. There were times when his nerves were particularly sensitive, in which sign-making would so work upon them that to conduct the chapel exercises on the Sabbath would be almost sure to cause two or three sleepless nights. There would come occasions in the midst of a fluent discourse, when it would seem to him as if he could not proceed further, but must stop short. Yet he was a perfect master of the sign-language, and none could use it with more fluency and force. So strong was this feeling upon him that he felt that he could not endure the nervous strain of the chapel exercises, and for years he seldom appeared upon the chapel platform, but performed all his duties there through a substitute.

Yet, in spite of this nervous effect of sign-making upon himself, Mr. Storrs was a radical believer in the invaluable service of signs in the instruction of the deaf, and no teacher used them more effectively than he. He believed that signs were and must be the foundation-stone of all successful education of genuine deaf-mutes as a class.

In regard to articulation he held very decided views, conceding that there was a place for it in the instruction of the deaf, but maintaining that it should be confined to cases in which practical benefit could be derived from it, or, in other words, to the semi-mute, the semi-deaf, and a few exceptional cases of



the congenitally deaf, showing phenomenal aptness in acquiring that branch. He had watched the progress of articulation-teaching for years, and formed his conclusions deliberately. How thoroughly he explored the whole ground, the readers of the *Annals* do not need to be informed, and even those who have reached conclusions diametrically opposed to his must concede that he had thoroughly examined the subject from both sides, and was able to give a reason for the faith that was in him.

Mr. Storrs was a valuable counselor. His mind possessed rare analytical power, and worked with surprising rapidity, grasping the salient points of a question. It seemed to look at all sides of a subject at once, and to understand the bearing of it in every direction. It seized upon the broad general principle which lay at the foundation of every question, and viewed it from that standpoint. When his conclusions were reached, he could state them with remarkable clearness and force. On the other hand, when he wished to conceal his opinions and yet felt called upon to speak, no man could say nothing in more elegant phrases than he.

Mr. Storrs was a man of very strong prejudices and, occasionally, in questions which affected himself or his interests, he could neither see nor be persuaded to believe that the shield had a silver side as well as a golden one.

Without faults Mr. Storrs was not, but who of us is? Idiosyncrasies he had which grew upon him in late years, and sometimes proved very trying to his friends; but, as we look back upon them now, we can see that they were largely the result of an inherited superabundance of nerves and of the progress of an insidious disease, disturbing the balance of his mind, and we attribute them to that rather than to the man.

Overwork in the winter of 1883-'84, following the long and severe strain caused by the sickness and death of his mother, brought on his old trouble, insomnia, from which he had suffered occasionally nearly all his life. This was still further aggravated by the illness and death of his beloved Aunt Eunice, whose departure preceded his by only a few weeks. The disease reached a point where it could not be checked. It marched with steady tread to its inevitable result, the dethronement of the reason, and deprived of responsibility our friend went unbidden, but we must believe not unwelcomed, to his Maker's presence.

JOB WILLIAMS, M. A.,

*Principal of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn.*

[Mr. Storrs' pastor at Longmeadow, a neighbor and friend of many years, contributes the following memorial:]

It seems fitting that the tribute you desire from me to the memory of my beloved friend should begin with that beautiful September afternoon when we gathered at his home to perform the last sad rites of burial. Rev. Dr. S. G. Buckingham, his former pastor at Springfield, offered prayer at the house; his cousin, Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., conducted the final service at the grave, and his pastor's address was as follows:

BELOVED FRIENDS: The wise man saith, "A word fitly spoken, in due season, how good is it." Would that help from above might be given me to speak that word. And yet, how far beyond what we can see now, or at present understand, is the knowledge of his ways that are past finding out. God's laws indeed, which hold the body and the mind in such a wonderful mystery of connection while we are in this earthly tabernacle, must have their working out, and sometimes in great disaster—in terrible catastrophe, in an encircling gloom. The cyclone will come, the consuming conflagration, the destroying pestilence, and sometimes, appalled by the fearful dangers that beset us, our faith is almost shaken; we cry out—almost in despair—Does our Father live? Does He see? And then we remember Gethsemane—the strong crying, the bloody sweat. We think what He, the only begotten and dearly beloved, suffered once for us—how He was smitten and afflicted, and yet was heard in that He feared, and how He who hath overcome the world ever liveth to make intercession for us; and then we say, our trembling faith reassured, Not my will, but thine be done. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. And then the divine assurance comes, "All things work together for good to them who love God." Beloved, although God's laws, working out their sure results in the great disaster before which we stand appalled, must needs unsettle in due time the mind of him who could not sleep—although the morbid impulse which he dreaded, as he would the tiger's leap, did spring upon him and did overcome him—yet we have this sure comfort: *He did love God.* That assurance belongs to us, "All things work together for good to them who love God," and that is enough to lead us out of this encircling gloom, and all our journey through. And as to the mysteries of God's providence that must ever be interwoven with our earthly history, what we see not now we shall see hereafter. From what an earthly future of mental woe, worse than death, that sudden release, which we would have prevented if we could, delivered our dear friend, we know not. It is best that we should not have such prescience.

It is not for me at this sad hour to recount the thronging memories of brighter days; to trace along the years gone by our loving intercourse; to pour out the treasures that for those who loved him are laid up in heaven. Would that to me were given that gift of song which enabled Alfred Tennyson to weave that beautiful tribute to his friend Arthur Henry Hallam. To us who know how that wondrous lyric, the "In Memoriam," was woven into the very tissues of the life and soul of Salter

Storrs, its thoughtful stanzas will have evermore a tenderer and deeper meaning. How is everything about us inseparable from him! How does everything bear the impress of his heart and mind—that sensitive spirit, that fine-grained nature—without its faults?—oh, no!—but those faults, as they are softened now in the mellow light of all his days, the earlier and brighter days of so many precious memories, as well as the later days of shattered nerves and distressful apprehensions, and morbid impulses—how tenderly we view them, how they melt away as do the morning mists! How does the memory of our friend, whose earnest face we shall see no more, whose pleading, pathetic voice, of late so intoned with fears, we shall hear no more, bring him up before us—himself, the real man, our fellow-citizen, who has so identified his life with ours, the last among us to bear an honored name, to represent in male descent that noble lineage of godly ministers who wrought in their eventful days our foundation-stones. How does this ancestral home, the old parsonage, in its every adornment, every convenience, every picture upon the walls, speak of him—these trees that he planted, this orchard, and garden, and verdant lawn. Yonder church, every stone and timber and inscription, speaks of him. Yonder cemetery, in all its coming improvements, whose perpetuity he has secured—it will be his memorial—the beautiful volume of our Longmeadow history, which bears on every page the enduring mark of his loving care and finish of detail, both in choicest diction, the finest use of English, of which he was a master, and in its local illustrations, for which we are all indebted to his thorough and persistent loyalty—not to himself, but to himself as one of us. We shall never open that beautiful book without remembering him, and that with tears. We shall read and read again that “Address of Welcome,” one of the finest gems of literary skill, and the finest sense of what was due to such a day and such an hour, and to the old Mother Longmeadow. And as we read it we shall recall him, not as now, not as in these later days of morbid trembling and gloomy apprehensions, but as he stood before us and all that grand assembly, the man that he really was—our gifted and honored citizen, a workman of whom we were not ashamed.

But there are memories still tenderer and more sacred—too sacred for the handling of even his truest friend in any public presence. And yet, standing where I do, in this beloved, cherished home, oh, how fondly cherished—who had the home feeling more than he?—I must recall, what we his neighbors all knew, as did the inmates of this home, his singular devotedness as a son, a brother, and a nephew. What a home he made for his parents in their declining years, for his Aunt Eunice, for his sisters and especially for his dear Sarah—by reason of her physical disabilities, so tenderly and assiduously beloved. And it was this link that bound him, far beyond the motives of a professional and generous and Christian philanthropy, to the deaf and dumb. His affection for his pupils was personal and all embracing and intense, the same mind that was in Christ, that passion for humanity, with which the Master loved His own and loves them unto the end. It was his longing and hope, cherished up to the last, to resume his Hartford work, and to continue it so long as God might give him strength. \* \* \* I said that he loved God. I might mention recent scenes of prayer too sacred for public view, in which he united

with broken voice and a childlike trust with those who knew and loved him best. The morning that he died he led the family devotions as was his custom. I hold in my hand a touching evidence of his love and trust, a paper found in a private drawer and dated only two weeks ago. It is a form of consecration, and thus it reveals his inner life.

"My *blessings* are very many." He proceeds to particularize them with the simplicity of a little child. "I must trust God that He will enable me to overcome my nervous wakefulness, and so do my various duties.

"What are these duties?

"My first duty is to keep myself in faith and trust upon God—to maintain a filial personal relation to Him.

"My second duty is to do all I can for my dear sister Sarah, as a loving, helpful brother.

"My third duty is to continue the personal influence of my ancestors in this community by keeping up this home, and doing good as I have opportunity among my neighbors.

"My fourth duty is to use my experience and time in teaching at Hartford, if God gives me strength.

"My fifth duty is to use my talents in writing for the press in some way, if I can do it in addition to the others.

"May God help me to be continually thankful for all my blessings, to trust implicitly in Him for all needs, and to be earnest and faithful in the discharge of all my duties, and may *He* accept the consecration of myself which I now try to make at this important crisis of my life.

"Infinitely loving and holy Father in heaven! Blessed Saviour and divine Brother! With the Holy and Sanctifying and helping Spirit! The One Divine Nature and Being whom I adore!

"To Thee and Thy service I would now give myself wholly and forever.

"I would be *Thine* only, *Thine always*.

"I would *love* Thee supremely.

"I would *obey* Thee lovingly and continually.

"I would serve Thee with my whole *heart*, with all my powers of *mind* and *body*.

"I would earnestly desire and strive to put all my trust in Thee above for all I need in this world and in the world to come.

"I need *pardon*. Be Thou pleased to pardon all my sins in the past and in the future, by giving me true penitence for them and a sincere desire and effort to overcome them.

"I need a deep sense of the divine love in the Father and in the Son. Be Thou pleased, O Father in heaven, to reveal Thyself to me more and more as a God of infinite purity and love. Be Thou pleased, O Saviour, to reveal Thyself to me more and more as a perfect Saviour from Sin as well as from its punishment. Be pleased also, O Holy Spirit, Comforter, and Helper, to reveal Thyself to my inmost spirit as Sanctifier and constant presence and power to purify and strengthen, and so may the divine peace and strength fill my heart and pervade my life henceforth and forevermore.

"Amen and amen, even so let it be, dear Lord and Saviour.

"LONGMEADOW, *Aug. 17th, 1884.*"

The reading of this paper concluded the address.



The testimony that appears in this consecration is of a piece with much more of similar import that belongs both to the written and unwritten history of his life, beginning with his early boyhood, but space will not permit of further extracts here.

The love of nature grew with Mr. Storrs' advancing years into an enthusiastic passion. Not alone in the present did he drink in, with every joyous sense attuned, the beauties of the outward world, but he laid them up as treasures of his memory. Among his papers are left diurnal records of his vacation tours, which extended far and wide, and in which he sought out the places of greatest interest, both in cities and the country. The carriage-rides of many days' continuance which I have taken with him were full of the purest enjoyment, made richer by his glowing appreciation of natural beauty, his keen insight in the intercourse with men, his thoughtful conversation, and his overflowing sense of humor. In lonely spots, when both nature and man failed to interest, some choice author was in his hand, and particularly Tennyson, his favorite, and above all the "In Memoriam," which, by loving familiarity, had become inwrought, even unconsciously, into his spiritual being, tinged with its subtle and dreamy optimism his theology. Although anchored at last by his Puritan lineage and training to the fundamental doctrines of the Evangelical and New England type, yet was his cable long and free in its swing, as he thought carefully for himself, and, while always reverential and conservative in expression, pursued his own lines of thought to conclusions of his own; and these were somewhat more liberal in their trend than the Calvinistic atmosphere of the old Longmeadow parsonage would heartily sustain.

Returning from this digression to those frequent excursions, which lent brightness and color to his life, otherwise too subjective and monotonous in its daily routine of teaching the deaf, there are letters written to his deaf-mute sister Sarah, which reveal not only their primary and beautiful intention to transfigure her solitary life with a brother's love and cheer, but are wonderful specimens of picturesque, vivid, and vigorous writing. They describe at length, and with a piquant minuteness and true perspective that makes them photographic, such scenes as the second inauguration of President Lincoln, the raising of the old flag at Fort Sumter, the reception at Savannah of the news of Lincoln's assassination, with other vivid portrayals of the Southern attitude in various places at that juncture, and the Grand Review at Washington. Mr. Storrs' fine insight and



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keen observation regarding the prominent characters of those dramatic days have left such graphic descriptions in these familiar letters as are worthy of a permanent place in the literature of that eventful time.

The affectionate qualities of his domestic nature were developed through his unwedded life in the rare beauty and assiduity of his filial and fraternal love, an affection which embraced also his Aunt Eunice, and in due proportions all his kindred. The old parsonage, which returned to the family after the decease of his Uncle William, he renovated and adorned with a loving and reverential fondness, studying with exquisite taste how to preserve its ancient characteristics in harmony with modern conveniences, and gathering up the old family relics into its historic chambers, and covering their walls with venerable portraits, while adding to them the memorials of a later generation.

A sentiment kindred to his domestic affections led him to enter heartily into the village improvements of the old churchyard cemetery, for the perpetual care of which he was instrumental in establishing a cemetery fund under the care of an incorporated association; improvements also of the village green in grading and tree planting; the thorough reconstruction of the ancient church edifice, to which he contributed liberally, and gave his laborious assistance as a member of the Parish Committee. He was also a liberal and systematic contributor to the various causes of Christian benevolence. The recent Centennial Celebration of October 17, 1883, owed a large share of its grand success to his skilful tact as the presiding officer, and the fine eloquence of his "Address of Welcome." And above all was his public-spirited usefulness as a citizen completed and rounded out in the "Longmeadow Book," that beautiful civic memorial from whose every page shines out his loving care, literary and historic skill, and perfect taste. It will remain his fitting and enduring monument, and an honor to the town in whose service he spent so many of his last toiling, anxious, and sleepless days.

Many things more would I gladly speak of my dear friend and beloved helper did your space permit.

"Rest for the toiling hand,  
Rest for the anxious brow."

And so "He giveth His beloved sleep."

REV. JOHN W. HARDING,  
*Longmeadow, Mass.*